

with mans sworne Spaufe; let not thy Sweet-heart, on proud array. *Tom's a cold.*

*Lear.* What hast thou bin?

*Edg.* A Seruingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that curl'd my haire, wore Gloues in my cap; seru'd the Lust of my Mistis heart, and did the acte of darkenesse with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake words, & broke them in the sweet face of Heauen. One, that slept in the contriuing of Lust, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I deere, Dice deere; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. False of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, Foxe in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse, Dog in madnes, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of shooes, Nor the rustling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to woman. Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the foule Fiend. Still through the Hawthorne blowes the cold winde: Sayes sum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy Sefey: let him trot by. *Storme still.*

*Lear.* Thou wert better in a Grave, then to answer with thy vacouer'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the Worme no Silke; the Beast, no Hide; the Sheepe, no Woolle; the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it selfe; vnaccommodated man, is no more but such a poore, bare, forked Animal as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, vnbutton heere.

*Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.*

*Foole.* Prythee Nunkle be contented, 'tis a naughtie night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, were like an old Letchers heart, a small spark, all the rest on's body, cold: Looke, heere comes a walking fire.

*Edg.* This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; hee begins at Curfew, and walks at first Cocke: Hee giues the Web and the Pin, squints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe; Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature of earth.

*Switbold footed thrice the old,*  
He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold;  
Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,  
And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

*Kent.* How fares your Grace?

*Lear.* What's he?

*Kent.* Who's there? What is't you seeke?

*Glou.* What are you there? Your Names?

*Edg.* Poore Tom, that eates the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water: that in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eates Cow-dung for Sallets; swallows the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge; drinks the green Mantle of the standing Poole: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and stocks, punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath three Suites to his backe, fixe shirts to his body:

Horle to ride, and weapon to weare:  
Buc Mice, and Rats, and such small Deare,  
Haue bin Toms food, for seuen long yeare:

Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend,

*Glou.* What, hath your Grace no better company?

*Edg.* The Prince of Darkenesse is a Gentleman. *Ado* he's call'd, and *Mahn*.

*Glou.* Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is growne so vilde, that it doth hate what gets it.

*Edg.* Poore Tom's a cold.

*Glou.* Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer

T'obey in all your daughters hard commands: Though their Iniunction be to barre my doores, Yet haue I ventured to come seeke you out, And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

*Lear.* First let me talke with this Philosopher, What is the cause of Thunder?

*Kent.* Good my Lord take his offer, Go into th'house.

*Lear.* Ile talke a word with this same lerned Theban: What is your study?

*Edg.* How to preuent the Fiend, and to kill Vermin.

*Lear.* Let me aske you one word in priuate.

*Kent.* Importune him once more to go my Lord, His wits begin t'vnsettle.

*Glou.* Canst thou blame him?

His Daughters seeke his death: Ah, that good Kent, He said it would be thus: poore banish'd man: Thou sayest the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend, I am almost mad my selfe. I had a Sonne,

Now out-law'd from my blood: he sought my life, But lately: very late: I lou'd him (Friend)

No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee, The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this? I do beseech your grace.

*Lear.* O cry you mercy, Sir: Noble Philosopher, your company.

*Edg.* Tom's a cold.

*Glou.* In fellow there, into th'House; keep thee warm.

*Lear.* Come, let's in all.

*Kent.* This way, my Lord.

*Lear.* With him;

I will keepe still with my Philosopher.

*Kent.* Good my Lord, sooth him: Let him take the Fellow.

*Glou.* Take him you on.

*Kent.* Sirra, come on: go along with vs.

*Lear.* Come, good Athenian,

*Glou.* No words, no words, hush.

*Edg.* Childe Rowland to the darke Tower came,

His word was still, fie, foh, and fumme,

I smell the blood of a Brittain man. *Exeunt*

### Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.*

*Corn.* I will haue my reuenge, ere I depart his house.

*Bast.* How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature thus giues way to Loyaltie, something feares mee to thinke of.

*Corn.* I now perceiue, it was not altogether your Brothers euill disposition made him seeke his death: but a prouoking merit set a worke by a reprouable badnesse in himselfe.

*Bast.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be iust? This is the Letter which hee spoake of; which approves him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of France. O Heauens! that this Treason were not; or not I the detector.

*Corn.* Go with me to the Dutchesse.

*Bast.* If the matter of this Paper be certain, you haue mighty businesse in hand. *Corn.*

*Corn.* True or false, it hath made thee Earle of Gloucester: seeke out where thy Father is, that hee may bee ready for our apprehension.

*Bast.* If I finde him comforting the King, it will stuffe his suspition more fully. I will perseuer in my course of Loyalty, though the conflict be sore betweene that, and my blood.

*Corn.* I will lay trust vpon thee: and thou shalt finde a deere Father in my loue. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Sexta.

*Enter Kent, and Gloucester.*

*Glou.* Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully: I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

*Kent.* All the powre of his wits, haue giuen way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindeesse.

*Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.*

*Edg.* Fraterretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an Angler in the Lake of Darknesse: pray Innocent, and beware the foule Fiend.

*Foole.* Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

*Lear.* A King, a King.

*Foole.* No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that fees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

*Lear.* To haue a thousand with red burning spits Come hizzing in vpon 'em.

*Edg.* Blesse thy fine wits.

*Kent.* O pittie: Sir, where is the patience now That you so oft haue boasted to retaine?

*Edg.* My teares begin to take his part so much, They marre my counterfetting.

*Lear.* The little dogges, and all;

Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: see, they barked at me.

*Edg.* Tom, will throw his head at them: Auaunt you Curres, be thy mouth or blacke or white:

Tooth that poysons if it bite:

Mastiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim, Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym:

Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudele taile, Tom will make him weepe and waile,

For with throwing thus my head;

Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de: sefe: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres, And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry,

*Lear.* Then let them Anatomize *Regan*: See what breeds about her heart. Is there any caule in Nature that make these hard-hearts. You sir, I entertaine for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian; but let them bee chang'd.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Kent.* Now good my Lord, lye heere, and rest awhile.

*Lear.* Make no noise, make no noise, draw the Curtaines: so, so, wee'l go to Supper i'th morning.

*Foole.* And Ile go to bed at noone.

*Glou.* Come hither Friend:

Where is the King my Master?

*Kent.* Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.